



Live a Little



19 0 1

Chapter 1 by Sabatuer G

clak. clak.

I wake up to the sound of something hitting my window. I look around the room, perplexed, and throw my sheets down to the bottom of my bed to check it out. I stretch and start for the window, yawning, practically sleepwalking. The minute I reach the window, I hear it again, this time louder;

CLAK.

What is there a flock of birds trying to infiltrate my room?

I pull up the shades of the window groggily, and squint out, trying to find an answer to what ever is going on.

Then I see him.

It takes a while at first, but there's no doubting that bright blue hair and horrible taste in fashion. Teddy Walton, dork of nature and also my best friend and crush for nine years, waves his arms crazily as if I'm not staring directly at him. He then decides that It's a good idea to scream my name at three o'clock A.M.- and I have to remind him through gestures that it's three A.M. and three A.M. IS NOT a good time for coming to my house, throwing rocks at my window like he's going to confess his love for me, and then screaming my name into the darkness so my

parents can wake up and lecture me about "relationship issues." That doesn't mean I wouldn't mind him confessing his love for me.

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called it " A fresh new way to ruin your beautiful silky and magical golden blonde hair and simultaneously look like you're trying to be rebellious."

"COME DOWN HERE!" He whisper yelled up toward my window.

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